

# THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

TEN PAGES.

VOL. XXVII.

ATLANTA, GA., TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## QUIETING DOWN.

On Every Hand the Strike Is  
Rapidly Petering Out.

## TRAIN MOVING AT CHICAGO.

Railroads Succeed in Sending Off Both  
Freight and Passengers.

## ONE DAY WITHOUT MOB VIOLENCE

President Cleveland's Proclamation  
Bans Huns and Polaks Indoors.

## A. R. U. MEN REBEL AGAINST DEBS

Pullman Absolutely Refuses to Arbitrate.  
Knights of Labor and Printers Recon-  
sider the Determination to Strike.

Chicago, July 9.—The war cloud which  
has overhung this city and this land for the  
past ten days shows distinct signs of lift-  
ing.

Instead of stories of additional railroads  
tied up at various points throughout the  
country, today's dispatches almost without  
exception bring advices of strikers return-  
ing to work and an increased resumption  
of traffic, amounting in some places to a  
return to normal conditions.

The day in Chicago has passed without  
a serious conflict between the rioters and the  
army forces now on duty here. The  
feature of the day has been the action  
early this morning after an all-night ses-  
sion of the federated trades unions in  
Chicago, in deciding to call out all classes  
of labor on Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock,  
unless George M. Pullman should have  
agreed, before the meridian of that day, to  
settle the differences between his company,  
and his striking employees by arbitration, or  
otherwise.

For reasons not known to the public  
was made that President Gompers, of the  
Knights of Labor, and his advisers, sub-  
sequently decided to postpone the general  
walkout and paralytic strike which they  
proposed to inflict upon the business of  
Chicago until 7 o'clock Wednesday morn-  
ing.

Late this afternoon the announcement  
was made that President Gompers, of the  
American Federation of Labor, had called a  
meeting of the executive committee of that  
organization to be held in this city on  
Thursday, and that he would leave  
New York for Chicago tomorrow evening.  
In view of this, it is not believed that the  
federated trades of Chicago will take pre-  
cipitate action before consultation with  
him and his striking employees by arbitration.

President Gompers says it will be impos-  
sible to decide on a line of action to be  
pursued before Thursday, and probably if  
it should finally be resolved to declare a  
general strike of all these combined forces,  
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What effect, if any, the action of Vice  
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consider the question of arbitration, will  
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Meeting of the Labor Committee.

The council committee on arbitration  
met at 1:30, Madison street at 1:15 o'clock  
in the field, will suffice.

Brief addresses were made by Delegates

Hastie, Lindholm and Currie, setting forth  
the position of the unions, and expressing  
a clear realization of the gravity of the  
present situation.

Debs on a Wage Readjustment.

It has been reported that it is the intention  
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"In some parts our local unions will de-  
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of the union have sounded local unions on  
such questions. In many places, however,  
the wage scale has been lowered so far

Muelhofer and Poore, and Delegates El-  
derkin, Elro and Lindholm were appointed  
to lay the proposition before Vice President  
Wickes, of the Pullman company, for his  
acceptance or rejection, and to report at  
4:30 o'clock p. m.

The officials of the Pullman company ab-  
solutely refused to entertain the proposition  
made by the joint committee, and there  
seems nothing left now to prevent the great  
strike of all industries arranged for twenty-  
four hours hence.

At 2 o'clock p. m. a joint committee of  
the city council and of the federated trades  
unions called on Mr. Wickes and asked  
him to consent to the appointment of five  
citizens whose positions should not be those  
of arbitrators, but to determine whether  
or not the Pullman company has anything  
to arbitrate. The committee as proposed  
was to consist of two citizens chosen by  
the Pullman company, two by the circuit  
court judges and one by these four.

What Mr. Wickes Said.

The interview between Vice President  
Wickes, of the Pullman company, and the  
committee from the city council and the labor  
organizations, which waited upon him, was  
dramatic in the extreme. Alderman McGil-  
len was the spokesman for the committee.

"Do you come as an official of the city?"  
Mr. Wickes asked the alderman.

"Do," replied Mr. McGil-  
len.

"Do you represent the mayor in this mat-  
ter?" inquired the Pullman official.

"The mayor will endorse our action here,"  
the alderman replied.

Alderman McGil-  
len addressed Mr. Wickes  
and placed before him the proposition as  
authorized by the full committee. Once,  
as the alderman waited for an answer, Mr. Wickes said, "The company cannot recede  
from the position is has already held."

The interjection aroused Alderman McGil-  
len and he eloquently portrayed the sit-  
uation in all its bearings and the inevitable  
consequences. Mr. Wickes listened at-  
tentively. He seemed touched by the ap-  
peal, and when the spokesman had con-  
cluded, retired with Attorney John S. Run-  
nels, of the Pullman company, for consulta-  
tion.

The delay was of brief duration. When  
he returned every one present read in Vice  
President Wickes's stern face the fateful  
action he would make. The feeling was  
intense, and the little throng composed of  
committeemen and members of the press  
and news associations waited breathlessly  
for him to speak. Addressing Alderman McGil-  
len, Mr. Wickes said: "The Pullman company  
has nothing to arbitrate."

Then there was a painful silence. Alder-  
man McGil-  
len seemed paralyzed for a  
moment. He could not believe the Pullman  
company would assume a responsibility so  
troublingly grave.

"I am to understand," he slowly said,  
"that the Pullman company refuses this  
slight request made at so grave an hour,  
and upon which so much depends."

"The Pullman company is not willing to  
arbitrate," reiterated Mr. Wickes.

Mr. McGil-  
len said: "Mr. Wickes, your  
company demands the police protection of  
the federal government, the state of  
Illinois, the county of Cook, and the city of  
Chicago, and yet you utterly ignore a  
fair request made by the city, a request  
the fundamental idea of which is the  
preservation of peace. We have come to  
you as conservers of the peace, and you have  
assumed grave responsibility in thus  
refusing the request we make—a responsi-  
bility, greater perhaps, than even you are  
aware."

"There is a principle involved in this  
matter which the Pullman company will not  
surrender. It is that employers must be  
permitted to run their business in their  
own way, and without interference from  
their employees or from anybody else. We  
shall not allow any one to tell us how our  
business shall be conducted and we shall  
not consent to arbitration. Our business  
is our own private affair and we want no  
interference from federal or state, or  
any other government," Mr. Wickes replied.

There was nothing more to say.

Endorsing Mr. Cleveland.

Tonight's action of the city council in re-  
spect to Mr. Cleveland's order bringing fed-  
eral troops to Chicago was forestalled by  
a large number of endorsements of his ac-  
tion sent him by prominent business men  
of the city. The list of signatures included  
those of almost every conspicuous mer-  
chant, manufacturer and banker of Chi-  
cago.

Touching the situation in general, it may  
be said that in Chicago the roads were all  
doing better than on any day since the  
strike began. Passengers trains were moving  
with more or less regularity and freight  
was being cared for with good results.

At St. Louis, Kansas City and Denver  
it was reported that railroad business had  
about returned to normal conditions. Nash-  
ville also reported an improvement.

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struggle. It is not true that any officers  
of the union have sounded local unions on  
such questions. In many places, however,  
the wage scale has been lowered so far

that the men cannot longer stand it. The  
unions will not return to work until they  
get some satisfaction in that line. How-  
ever, our fight now is for the down-trodden  
Pullman employees and we cannot let any  
other desires interfere in any way in the  
success of our fight for them.

"In a considerable number of instances  
the announcement of recent accessions to  
the strike ranks has been accompanied  
with the statement that the new strikers  
consider the movement opportune for them  
to make an effort to secure a restoration of  
amounts out from their wages at different  
times during the past two years.

Effect of the Proclamation.

It is admitted on all sides tonight that  
the proclamation issued at midnight by  
President Cleveland has done more toward  
clearing the atmosphere and bringing the  
nation to a sense of its responsibility  
than could have been accomplished by all  
the self-projected conciliation and media-  
tation efforts in a month.

The proclamation was issued in the Polish,  
Bohemian and English languages, on a  
broad sheet at the office of a weekly pa-  
per in the heart of the lawless district, and  
distributed by the tens of thousands in  
the Polish-Bohemian settlement for a space  
of two square miles.

"It was hard for the foreigners to com-  
prehend its technical purport, but the very  
fact that it was a proclamation of the pres-  
ident of the United States and protecting prop-  
erty belonging to the United States, forbidding  
them to congregate on public highways and  
order them, unless necessarily warranted  
otherwise, to remain at home, had about  
the same effect at the sign manual of the  
czar upon a ukase addressed to the residents  
of some minor town in Russia or Poland.  
It was enough for the anarchists that  
the message conveyed a warning, even  
if they could not exactly comprehend just  
what that warning was, and it was equally  
enough that it came from and bore the sig-  
nature of the president of the United  
States.

Men and women of determined character  
and desperate inclinations, and who, on  
Saturday, during the conflict with the  
troops, would rend their antagonists limb  
from limb, but for the sure aim of the rifles and  
the proudest of the bayonets, read in their  
native tongue the proclamation to which  
was attached the name of Grover Cleveland  
and concluded that it would be better to remain  
in the city and not to remain in the city and  
risk being mowed down by the military.

"Now, therefore, I Grover Cleveland, pres-  
ident of the United States, do hereby com-  
mand all persons engaged in, or in any  
way connected with such unlawful obstruc-  
tions, combinations and assemblies, to dis-  
perse and retire peacefully to their res-  
pective abodes on or before 3 o'clock in the  
afternoon, on the 10th day of July, instant."

GENERAL MILES'S ORDER.

Federal Troops Are to Co-Operate  
with the State and City Forces.

Chicago, July 9.—This order was issued  
this afternoon by General Miles:

"To all United States troops serving in  
the department of Missouri: The acts  
of violence committed during the past few  
days in the stopping of mail trains and  
post roads; the blocking of interstate  
commerce; open defiance and violation of  
the injunction of the United States court;

the assaults upon the federal forces in the  
lawful discharge of their duties; the de-  
struction, pilage and looting of interstate  
commerce property belonging to citizens of  
the different states, and other acts of re-  
bellion and lawlessness, have been of such  
a serious character that the duties of the  
military authorities are more clearly de-  
fined.

"The proclamation of the president for  
the commander of the land and naval  
forces, and the state militia, when in ser-  
vice, is understood by the military to be  
in the interest of humanity and to avoid  
the useless waste of life if possible.

"It is the executive order for all law-  
abiding citizens to separate themselves from  
the lawbreakers and those in actual hos-  
tility to the action of the United States  
court and the laws of the national govern-  
ment. He has defined the attitude of  
these lawbreakers to be that of enemies of  
the government, and, hence, it is the duty  
of the military forces to aid the United  
States marshals in disarming, capturing or  
destroying all bodies of men obstructing the  
mail route and in actual hostility to the  
injunction of the United States court and  
the laws of the United States.

"The officer in the immediate command  
of troops must be the Judge as to what use  
to make of the force of his command in  
executing his orders, and, in case serious  
action is required, and if there be time,  
the commanding officer will be called in  
to assist him, but not to the extent of  
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or under the protection of the United States.

"The earnest efforts of the law-abiding

citizens have done much to improve the  
condition of affairs during the last few  
days, and I earnestly request all law-abiding  
citizens to do whatever possible to assist  
in maintaining the civil government and  
the authority of the municipal, state and  
federal governments in preserving peace and  
good order."

HARRISON CRITICIZES THE PROCLAMATION.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 9.—General Harri-  
son today mildly criticised the proclamation  
of President Cleveland regarding the rail-  
road strike at Chicago. He said it was  
the first time in the history of the United  
States government that the president had  
ordered federal troops into a state without  
request from the governor of such state,  
and against his protest. He did not question  
his right to do so, however.

The backbone of the strike is broken

Chattanooga, Tenn., July 9.—The only fear  
of a strike at Chattanooga is gone. The only  
trouble here now is the strike of the firemen  
on the Alabama Great Southern railroad,  
and that is not at all interfering with  
the running of passenger trains. All the  
men on all of the other roads are at  
their posts and trains, both freight and  
passenger, are running regularly. A  
freight train and fifty-two cars, pulled by  
two mogul engines, cleared off the per-  
manent freight that had accumulated here in  
the yards of the Cincinnati Southern.

The effect of President Cleveland's  
proclamation is noticeable. It has restored  
confidence among business men and has  
pleased all classes of people. Man railroad  
men are enthusiastic in their approval of  
the president's course. Engineer Milton  
Freeman and Fireman Myron Manker, both  
prominent members of their respective  
brotherhoods, in interviews with The Times  
yesterday, expressed their approval of the  
proclamation.

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10 PAGES.

ATLANTA, GA., July 10, 1894.

For Atlanta to Decide.

Hon. L. F. Livingston, the present representative in congress from this district has received the nomination of the democrats of the district twice without the help of Atlanta, which, in each race, had a home candidate, who it naturally supported.

Each time Colonel Livingston had to contend against the same domineering, malicious and unfair methods as have characterized the venomous attack of the opposition to him this time. He has been nominated both times without the help of Atlanta; yet this was not given a moment's consideration by him when Atlanta placed in his hands for introduction in the house a measure in which the city is more interested than in anything that our people have ever undertaken.

Through the earnest work of Colonel Livingston, with the active co-operation of other friends, the exposition bill has been pushed safely through the appropriations committee of the house, and sent to the senate. Senators Gordon and Walsh announce that the bill will probably be attached to the sundry civil bill this week and passed by the senate before long. It will then have to be returned to the house. We do not believe that the people of Atlanta are now ready to cripple their representative and injure his work at a time when it is most important that his hands should be upheld.

It is absurd to say that because due credit is given to Colonel Livingston for his work in behalf of the exposition that the efforts of any of the other friends of the measure are in the least discredited. Atlanta wants them all, and appreciates the efforts of everybody who has assisted in pushing the bill now before congress to a successful conclusion. The city is indebted to every member of the Georgia delegation. It is indebted to Senators Walsh and Gordon, and it is indebted to Secretary Smith for all that has been done for the exposition bill. The Constitution would have no respect for itself if, for personal reasons, and if on account of difference of opinion on public questions, we could not give due credit to any one who has the interest of Atlanta at heart, and who has done good work for the welfare of the city.

It is not the Atlanta way to smite the hand that is helping to uphold the city. What would be said by the members of congress if, on the return of the exposition bill to the house, it was announced that Congressman Livingston, who has been in person almost every member of the house in its behalf, had failed to receive the support of the city of Atlanta at this particular time?

Colonel Livingston will carry Fulton county by an overwhelming majority, and it is but right and proper that he should do so.

**Military Strength.**

How many men in the United States are fit for military service, and what is the strength of the regular army and the militia of the states?

The answer should reassure the timid people who are afraid of a general outbreak of lawlessness. There are 9,000,000 men in this country subject to military duty, 25,000 men in the regular army and the militia numbers 12,190 volunteers.

The rich and populous states have a strong militia. New York has 12,510 soldiers; Pennsylvania, 8,614; Ohio, 6,125; Massachusetts, 5,666; Illinois, 4,777; Indiana, 2,633; Iowa, 2,351; Missouri, 2,415, and Michigan, 2,801. These volunteer soldiers are subject to the orders of the president and can be sent wherever they are needed.

If there should be an uprising of any magnitude the president would call on the governors of the states for as many million men as might be required to suppress the disturbance. Of course, it is not to be supposed that a sensible people like the Americans will ever render such a step necessary. The federal government is solidly backed by the people

of every state, with the exception of a very small percentage of the discontented and lawless classes, and if public disorder in any locality is allowed to continue for a few days it is because the government is merciful and is reluctant to use the force at its command. When the necessity arises, however, the misguided who defy the law will find that the tremendous might of this great republic cannot be resisted either at home or abroad.

A Lesson from Russia.

The south, instead of manufacturing her cotton crop, allows New England and foreign countries to turn it into manufactured goods, which we then purchase at a good price. Russia is adopting a different policy. She is encouraging the production of cotton in central Asia, and with this product and what she imports from the United States she has increased her cotton manufacturing until it now suffices for home consumption and exports its goods to foreign markets. We extract the following from a long article in the New York Evening Post:

In 1886 the number of spindles in European Russia, including Poland and Finland, was 3,92,365; the number of power looms 1,000,000; the number of workers 9,120,000. Russian factories are not uniform, but varies from twelve to thirteen and a half, eighteen, twenty-one and twenty-four hours per day. The number of working days during the year is estimated as 280. In foreign countries the number of working days is usually estimated at 300 of ten hours each.

In the last ten years the number of spindles has increased, approximately, 16 per cent and the number of looms 20 per cent. At the present time the number of spindles in Russia is 4,500,000, the number of power looms 1,600,000, and the number of workers 10,000,000 hands were employed in the spinning and weaving mills; of this number 110,000 hands were engaged in weaving for 200,000 looms, and about 200,000 hands were engaged for 600,000 spindles. Hence it appears that there is a great increase, approximately, 16 per cent and the number of looms 20 per cent. At the present time the number of spindles in Russia is 4,500,000, the number of power looms 1,600,000, and the number of workers 10,000,000 hands were employed in the spinning and weaving mills; of this number 110,000 hands were engaged in weaving for 200,000 looms, and about 200,000 hands were engaged for 600,000 spindles. 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AND SKETCHED.

## COME OFF, COME OFF! WILL START TODAY, INVITED TO DEKALB.

Mr. Charles Collier Answers Charges Against Colonel Livingston.

HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE JOURNAL

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He said this with some spirit, declaring at the time that there was not one word of truth in the editorial statement in The Journal yesterday afternoon to the effect that Colonel Livingston had introduced a bill asking for a direct appropriation from the government to the exposition.

Every day brings forth some important developments. At the ends of the line valuable work is being done, and the news from Washington is encouraging.

It is very evident that this exposition is the one thing in which not only Georgians, but all other southerners, are most deeply interested these days. It is the one thing that means so much to the south than all other industrial movements combined—the one that will bring the greatest results.

It is not an Atlanta enterprise, or a Georgia enterprise alone, but a southern enterprise in the biggest and broadest sense of the word. And it is especially a Georgia enterprise, as it is to be held here, in the Empire State of the South. Not a day passes that the exposition mail does not bring letters from all parts of the state endorsing the great enterprise.

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The editorial to which Mr. Collier referred said many strange things, among which the following sentences present a striking example:

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"Waco, Tex., July 7, 1894.—Resolved, by the Commercial Club, of Waco, Tex. That it gladly commends any movement of southern origin for the country's good, like the Southern Exposition.

"Resolved, for adding to our foreign trade Pan-American business of vast bulk, mainly controlled both ways by people further off than ours."

"Resolved, That Waco, one of the thorough-going cities of great Texas, with a big trade, is a leading interest in every kind of trade growth, but especially in business like this, that her state is so magnificently equipped for handling."

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Mr. Collier Continues.

"Now what are the facts in the case," said Mr. Collier, after reading the editorial that appeared yesterday's Journal.

"To my certain knowledge Livingston is the author of the bill now pending before Congress. He introduced the bill and it was adopted by the committee with but one slight change. The bill originally had in it a clause providing that the department of state of this country should have charge of the work of sending out invitations to foreign nations to have exhibits at our exposition. This clause was objected to because it was claimed that experience had taught the United States that whenever it had by authority of the department of state sent invitations to foreign nations to give exhibits at fairs in this country, if there was any damage to the exhibit the government would have to make it good."

"This was the only change that was made and the bill that Colonel Livingston introduced is the identical bill that is now before the senate, the only difference being that the bill originally had in it a clause providing that the department of state of this country should have charge of the work of sending out invitations to foreign nations to have exhibits at our exposition. This clause was objected to because it was claimed that experience had taught the United States that whenever it had by authority of the department of state sent invitations to foreign nations to give exhibits at fairs in this country, if there was any damage to the exhibit the government would have to make it good."

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The Times-Erprise.

Debs for a good deal will hardly forgive the jacious Georgians.

His Record.

Man who would must not be seen than in an ordinary

society in India.

tends school in India girl.

SENTIMENTS.

way of my life some

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Gods of mirth, and

the night-kiss while

of death.

L. P. HILL.

The Majority Just Float.

From The Galveston News.

Life is a sea in which people swim and

show off.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.

## A WARM EPISTLE.

Citizens of Stone Mountain Want Colonel Livingston to Address Them.

THE GREAT EXPOSITION WORK BEGINS

And from Now Until the End Things Will Hum at the Park.

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## THE CLOSE 1-8 TO 5-8 HIGHER

Mains in Texas Discourage the Holders of Cotton-Anticipated Lower Government Report Helps Wheat.

NEW YORK, July 9.—The conflict between the federal troops and the strikers at Hammon's station, and the opening of the exchange today and yesterday, bears to extend their lines. Chicago Gas has naturally borne the brunt of the attack, but the Grangers also came in for some share of attention by local operators. London, alarmed at the western situation, sold St. Paul and other stocks and accelerated the sale of its own. The early decline was equal to 24 per cent on Chicago Gas and 44 per cent in the general list. Gas sold down to 73¢, ex-dividend of 14 per cent. Sugar fell to 94¢. Rock Island 1 to 65¢. St. Paul 1 to 58¢, and the other stocks, 1 to 14¢, 1 to 10 per cent. The force of the selling movement was still before 11 o'clock, and a rally ensued, but before midday the bears resumed active operations and Pullman broke 3 to 13¢ and Delaware and Hudson 15 to 12¢. The general list displayed considerable firmness and refused to yield any important extent, though there were some gains, but, for the most part, during the afternoon there was a sharp rally in which Sugar led. The stock moved up from 94¢ to 94½. Chicago Gas from 73¢ to 75¢. Rock Island from 65¢ to 66¢. St. Paul from 58¢ to 59¢. Louisville from 43¢ to 44¢. Milwaukee from 50¢ to 52¢. Union Pacific from 10¢ to 10½. The market closed firm 1 to 1½ higher on the day. Northern Pacific, preferred, lost 1¢. Distilled, 1½. and Chicago Gas, general preferred fell 1 to 10¢. Delta and Fort Dodge preferred, rose 2¢ to 31. The afternoon rally was due to more favorable advice from the west regarding the strike. The president's proclamation evidently had a good effect there. Sales were 150,000.

The bond market was weak.

Money on call, closing offered at 1; prime mercantile paper 3½¢ per cent.

Bar silver 62¢.

Steel ingots firm with actual business in miners' bills at 45¢ to 48¢ for 60 days, and 48¢ for demand; posted rates 47¢ to 48¢; commercial bills 46¢ to 48¢.

Government bonds steady.

State bonds dull.

Railroad bonds weak.

Silver at the board was neglected.

The following are closing bids:

Atlanta Oil Co. 25¢. M. & S. Oil Co. 28½¢.

Baker Machinery 54¢. Natl. Cast. & St. L. 50¢.

Bo. of Trade 23½¢. S. C. & S. 50¢.

Bo. of Trade 23½¢. S. C. & S. 50¢.

Bo. of Trade 23½¢. S. C. & S. 50¢.

Baltimore & Ohio 101¢.

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KINDS.

Blank Books

Typing.

and Publishing Co.

ANTA, GA.

300, General Manager

Printer.)

H. A. MCCORD, Cashier.

ERWIN, Asst. Cashier.

BANKING CO.

Atlanta, Ga.

elicted on terms con-

A. P. MORGAN,

A. RICHARDSON,

J. J. JACOB HAAS, Cashier.

BANK

OO.

FITS \$100,000.

BUSINESS.

counts of banks and

Received upon favorable

time deposits.

G. A. NICOLSON,

Asst. Cashier.

KING CO.

Liability, \$320,000

on favorable terms. Do no

cates, for limited amount

percent, if left 6 months or

less.

NEW ORLEANS SHORT

LINE.

WEST POINT RAIL-

the most direct line and

Montgomery, Tex., New Orleans,

Schedule in effect June 12th.

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Daily. No. 54.

Daily. No. 55.

Daily. No. 56.

Daily. No. 57.

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# THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Supplement to The  
Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1894.

## LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER

And His Queer Country—What the Children Saw and Heard There.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, (Author of "Uncle Remus.")

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Just then Mrs. Meadows smoothed out her apron and rose from her chair.

"I smell dinner," she said, "and it smells like it is on the table. Let's go in and get rid of it."

She led the way and the children followed. The dinner was nothing extra—just a plain, every-day, country dinner, with plenty of pot liquor and dumplings; but the children were hungry, and they made short work of all that was placed before them. Drusilla waited on the table, as she did at home, but she didn't go close to Mr. Rabbit. She held out the dishes at arm's length when she offered him anything, and once she came very near dropping a plate when he suddenly flapped his big ear on his nose to drive off a fly.

Mrs. Meadows was very kind to the children, but when once the edge was taken off their appetite they began to get uneasy again. There were thousand questions they might have asked, but they had been told never to ask questions in company. Mr. Thimblefinger, who had a keen eye for such things, noticed that they were beginning to get glum and dissatisfied, and so he said with a laugh:

"I've often heard in my travels of children who talked too much, but these don't talk at all."

"Oh, they'll soon get over that," Mrs. Meadows remarked. "Everything is so strange here, they don't know what to make of it. When I was a little bit of a thing my ma used to take me to quiltings, and I know it took me the longest kind of a time to get used to the strangers and all."

"This isn't a quilting," said Sweetest Susan, with a sigh; "I wish it was."

"I don't!" exclaimed Buster John, plumply.

"Once when I was listening through a key-hole," said Mr. Thimblefinger, placing his tiny knife and fork crosswise on his plate, "I heard a story about a Talking Saddle."

"Tell it! tell it!" cried Buster John and Sweetest Susan.

"I suppose you have no pie today," said Mr. Rabbit.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Meadows, "we'll have the pie and the story, too."

Mr. Thimblefinger smacked his lips and winked his eye in such comical fashion that the children laughed heartily, but they didn't forget the story.

"I don't know that I can remember the best of it," said Mr. Thimblefinger. "The wind was blowing and the keyhole was trying to learn how to whistle, and I may have missed some of the story. But it was such a queer one and I was listening so closely that I came very near falling off the door knob when some one started to come out. I think we'd better eat our pie first. I might get one of those huckleberries in my throat while talking, and there's no doctor close at hand to keep me from choking to death."

So they ate their huckleberry pie, and then Mr. Thimblefinger told the story.

"Once upon a time a farmer had five sons. He was not rich and he was not poor. He had some land and he had little money. He divided his land equally among his four oldest sons, giving each just as much as he could till. To each, he also gave a piece of money. Then he called his youngest son and said:

"You have sharp eyes and a keen wit. You want no land. All you need is a saddle. That I will give you."

"A saddle! What will I do with a saddle?" asked the younger son, whose name was Tip-Top.

"Make your fortune with it."

"If I had a horse."

"A head is better than a horse," the father replied.

"Not long after the old man died. The land was divided up among the four older sons, and Tip-Top was left with the saddle. He slung it on his back and set out to make his fortune. It was not long before he came to a large town. He rested for awhile and then he went into the town. He remembered that his father had said a head was better than a horse, so, instead of carrying the saddle on his back, he put it on his head. At first the people thought he was carrying the saddle because he had sold his horse for a good price, or because the animal had died. But he went through street after street still carrying the saddle on his head, never pausing to look around or to speak to anybody, and at last the people began to wonder. Some said he was a simpleton, some said he was a saddle maker advertising his wares, and some said he was a tramp who ought to be arrested and put in the workhouse."

"This talk finally reached the ears of the mayor of the town, and he sent for Tip Top to appear before him."

"What is a mayor?" asked Sweetest Susan, suddenly.

"He do head patter-roller," said Drusilla, before anybody else could reply.

"That's about right," Mr. Thimblefinger declared. "Well, the mayor sent for Tip Top. But instead of going to the place where the mayor held his court, Tip Top inquired where his house was and went there. Now, when Tip-Top knocked at the mayor's door the servant, seeing the man with a saddle on his head, began to run at him."

"Do you think the mayor keeps his horses in the parlor? Go in the stable and take the horses away. My companion has short hair and a heavy hand. Close your eyes and cover your head with straw if you hear any outcry."

"After awhile the coachman and his nephew went out into the street again, and then Tip-Top came forth from the stable with the saddle on his head. The mayor had just come in, and was standing at his window. He saw the man in the yard with the saddle on his head, and sent a servant to call him."

"Do you think the mayor keeps his horses in the parlor? Go in the stable and take the horses away. My companion has short hair and a heavy hand. Close your eyes and cover your head with straw if you hear any outcry."

"Tip-Top, your honor."

"I didn't ask after your health; I asked for your name," said the mayor.

"It is Tip-Top, your honor."

the servant shut the door with a bang. Then Tip-Top went as he was bid. He went through the side gate, and found the cellar without any trouble, but instead of hanging the saddle on a peg, he placed it on the floor and sat on it.

"After waiting patiently awhile, wondering when the mayor would call him, Tip-Top heard voices on the other side of the wall. He listened closely, and soon found that the housemaid who had driven him away from the mayor's door was talking to her brother, who had just returned from a long journey.

"The mayor has gold," said the brother. "You must tell me where he keeps it. I have a companion in my travels, and to-night we shall come and take the treasure."

"For a long time the housemaid refused to tell where the mayor kept his gold, but the brother threatened and coaxed, and finally she told him where the treasure lay.

"It is in a closet by the chimney in the first room to the right at the head of the stairs. The gold is in an iron box and it is very heavy."

"My companion has long hair and a strong arm," said the brother. "He is cross-

"Your name or your health?"  
"Both, your honor."  
"What are you doing here?"  
"His honor, the mayor, sent for me, your honor."

"What were you doing just now?"  
"Waiting to be sent for, your honor."

"Where is your horse?" asked the mayor.

"I have no horse, your honor."

"Why do you carry your saddle?"

"Because no one will carry it for me, your honor."

"Why do you not sell it and be rid of it, my lady?"

"Few are rich enough to buy it, your honor."

"How much money is it worth?"

"Two thousand pieces of gold, your honor."

"Are you crazy?" cried the mayor. "Why is it so valuable?"

"It is a talking saddle, your honor."

"What does it say?"

"Everything, your honor. It warns, it predicts, and it gives advice."

"Let it talk for me," said the mayor, full of curiosity.

"Your honor would fail to understand its language," replied Tip-Top.

"Let it talk, and do you tell me what it says."

Tip-Top placed his saddle on the carpet and pressed his foot against it until the leather made a cracking noise.

"I am waiting," said the mayor. "What does the saddle say?"

"It says, your honor, that you must call the housemaid."

"The mayor, to humor the joke, did so. The housemaid came, grumbling. She

faithful servants over to an officer, and that night had a watch set around his house and stable and caught the thieves and their companions.

"But the saddle didn't talk," said Sweetest Susan. "So the man didn't tell what was true."

She made this remark with so much dignity that Mrs. Meadows laughed.

But Buster John was quite impatient.

"This ain't a girl's story," he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Meadows. "It is for girls as well as boys. Sometimes people tell stories just to pass the time away, and if the stories have little fibs in 'em, that don't do anybody any harm. They just keep them in there. I, they didn't the story wouldn't be true."

"Is that the end of the story of the Talking Saddle?" asked Buster John.

"No, oh, no!" Mr. Thimblefinger answered. "I was just going to tell you the rest."

But before he could go on with it the noise of laughter was heard at the door, and then there came running in a queer looking girl and a very queer looking boy.

(To be continued.)

### Two Good Anecdotes.

A storekeeper in a little country town, who was always trying to imitate the ways of city merchants, one day went to a large city to buy some goods, and, while walking along a fashionable thoroughfare, noticed in the window of a millinery a card which read, "Ici on parle Francais." ("Here one speaks French"). Of course he did not know what this meant, but thought it would be a good thing to have a similar card in his own store window. It would attract people, and make them think he had some enterprise about him, as well as city folks had.

So he copied out the words carefully, and, when he got home, had them printed on a card, which he put in the most prominent place in the window.

Passersby saw it, and wondered what it meant; but they would not ask the storekeeper, and thus show their ignorance. Some of them had also seen it in stores in the city, and thought it must mean something very expensive.

But one day a schoolmaster saw the card, and, knowing French, smiled. He knew that the storekeeper was ignorant of that language, and, being fond of a joke, he thought he would have a little innocent fun. So he stepped into the store, and, addressing the proprietor, said:

"Good day, Mr. Lyons. I would like to have two yards of ici on parle Francais."

The storekeeper felt that he was in a tight place, and how to get out of it he did not know. Still he was determined to put a bold face on the matter, and so replied:

"I am sorry, Mr. Rogers. The last piece was sold yesterday, but I shall get some more the first time I go to the city."

The story was too good to keep, and there was many a laugh over old man Lyons' ici on parle Francais.

People who are traveling on the continent of Europe often see in store windows signs which read, "English spoken here," and they find sometimes that the persons who have put them up know as much about English as Mr. Lyons did about French.

The highest courts of the German empire are held in Leipsic, and an American gentleman, who was in that city, was anxious to visit them. First, however, he thought he would find out if they were in session, and, being rather doubtful as to his German, he went into a large china store, in the windows of which was the sign "English spoken here."

To the young woman who stepped forward to wait upon him he said:

"You speak English, do you not?"

"Oh, yes," she replied.

Then, in very plain, simple English, he asked her if the courts of justice were in session for that day. She thought for a moment, and then said, interrogatively and in German:

"You would like a large plate?"

The gentleman repeated his question in what he thought even plainer English. The young woman went into a brown study, and then said, still in German:

"You would like a large plate with pictures on it?"

In despair, the gentleman spoke to her in the best German at his command, and found out that the courts were not then in session. Incidentally, too, he learned that the young woman did not know a word of English except, "Oh, yes!"

When the same gentleman went to Berlin, he began a search for lodgings, and in a quiet street found a house which he thought would suit him.

He smiled when he saw a sign in the window, "English spoken here," and wondered if his Leipsic experience would be repeated.

In answer to his call, the landlady presented herself, and, much to his amusement, he found that she could not speak English. Then, in German, he said:

"But you have a sign which reads, 'English spoken here.' Who speaks it?"

To this she replied, triumphantly:

"Oh, the Americans and English who come here for lodgings!"

N. S. Adler.

### He Could Do It.

An exchange prints a story, probably fictitious, of an epistolary encounter between Charles Sumner and an impudent schoolboy.

The boy saw Mr. Sumner's frank on a public document and being an autograph collector, sat down straightway and wrote him thus:

"By the aid of Webster's *Unbridged* and the Greek and Latin lexicons, and with the assistance of my high school teacher, I have made this out to be your name. If that is so, and you can do it again, please do it for me."

The senator seems to have been amused by the saucy letter, for he replied as follows:

"I am glad to learn that you have so many books to educate. It is well my name is so simple, and how it is. Yours truly, CHARLES SUMNER."



What Does the Saddle Say? Asked the Major.

eyed and knockkneed. It wouldn't do for you to meet him in the hallway. Go to bed early and lock your door, and if you hear any outcry during the night cover your head with a pillow and go to sleep again."

"Then the housemaid and her brother went away."

"Well," said Tip-Top, "this is no place for me."

"He waited awhile and then went out of the cellar into the yard with his saddle on his head. The cook, seeing him there, told him to carry the saddle to the stable where the horses were kept. Tip-Top went to the stable, placed his saddle in an empty stall and sat on it.

"After awhile he heard two persons come from the street. They went into a stall near by and began to talk. One was the coachman and the other was his nephew who had just returned from a long journey."

"The mayor has fine horses," said the nephew. "I must have two of them tonight, otherwise I am ruined forever."

"The coachman refused to listen at first, but after awhile he consented. He told his nephew that the stable boy slept in the wreath.

"I have a companion in my travels," said his nephew, "and tonight we will come and take the horses away. My companion has short hair and a heavy hand. Close your eyes and cover your head with straw if you hear any outcry."

"After awhile the coachman and his nephew went out into the street again, and then Tip-Top came forth from the stable with the saddle on his head. The mayor had just come in, and was standing at his window. He saw the man in the yard with the saddle on his head, and sent a servant to call him."

"What is your name?" asked the mayor.

"Tip-Top, your honor."

"I didn't ask after your health; I asked for your name," said the mayor.

"It is Tip-Top, your honor."

The coachman looked at the mayor's name and told all. Of course, the mayor was very much astonished. He turned the





## THE COURIER



the fortunate prize winners, her stories, in every instance, have been uniformly splendid and of no ordinary character. Though nothing but a mere child, as yet, she has developed a strong, clear style, with a precision of detail that is remarkable. Not only is she talented, but she is a beautiful girl, with many noble qualities of mind and character.

### The Braves of the Brave.

In a recent issue of *The Youth's Companion* appears an article by Captain Charles King on the bravest man he ever saw. It is a story of Indian warfare, and tells of the fearless stand taken by a young lieutenant, who, unheeding the murderous fire of a band of renegade Indians, stood to his post, and finally, by his bravery, compelled his men to charge to victory.

"I remember him vividly," writes Captain King, "as he looked that day, the broad brim of his scouting hat tossed back from his forehead, the collar of his buck-skin hunting shirt loosely fastened at the throat—no sign of uniform about him, for in those days we rarely wore the army blue on Indian campaigns.

"He came striding forward, rifle in hand, and waving the men to 'go in' along the slopes to the right and left of the ravine. He himself, to my horror, coolly pushed straight forward into what might be called the mouth of the gully—straight on past the point where the venturesome troopers had been flattened out so short a time before.

"In an instant, it seemed to me, the clump of bushes at the upper end began to spit fire like a Fourth of July mine. A blue cloud of sulphur smoke hung over the Indian burrow. The clatter of rifle shots was like that of Gatling gun. Several soldiers dropped in their tracks along the grassy slopes.

"Jim White, one of our best scouts and a great friend of Buffalo Bill's, gave one mighty cry, 'O, my God, boys!' clasped his heart and plunged forward on.

He was dead.

He fell from a sudden shock, his men at the front scattered right and left, for we had struck a formidable ambush. Not a vestige of an Indian could we see, yet that scooped-out shelter of theirs was evidently crammed with them.

"I myself was over on the right bank at the time, and ducked with amazing promptitude when that storm of fire and lead burst on us. My next thought, when I found myself unhurt, was for Clark. We had been warm friends from our cadet days at West Point, and my heart was in my mouth with fear for him.

"There he stood, just where I had seen him the instant before, with the same quiet smile on his face, never bending, never swerving, if anything rising higher on tiptoe, as though striving to peer into those dark, fire-flashing depths up the gully.

"Mechanically he was thrusting another cartridge into the breech of his rifle. Bang! went the Indian guns. Whiz! zip! spat the bullets.

"Down, Clark! Down!" shouted dozens of voices in tones of agonized dread.

"Come out of that, Philo, for heaven's sake!" yelled a Second cavalryman close beside me. But just as placidly and unconcernedly as he would have strolled into his troop stables, smiling the while at the consternation he was creating, even finding time for a half-laughing rejoinder to the peal of a comrade from our side, Clark pushed ahead until he could peer in through the veil of smoke, raised his rifle, aimed and fired.

"Then as coolly, he motioned, 'Come on! Come on!'

"It was too much for the crowd. Everybody seemed to make a simultaneous dash then. In vain the hidden Indians fired and strove to sweep the ravine.

"A moment more and brave old Captain Munson had leaped in from one side and was half-dragging, half-lifting out some terrified squaws. Other willing hands were passing out some screaming little Indian children, so as to get the women and papooses out of harm's way before closing accounts with the warriors.

"Sad to relate, this brave young officer, after going through the Indian war, and after giving bright promise for the future, died from a fever in the prime of his young manhood. But his old friends and comrades in arms still remember him as one of the bravest of the brave."

### Indian Stories.

The editor of *The Boston Courier* tells two stories of the Indians in the upper valleys of the Kennebec river, which illustrate drolly the propensities of the interesting and peaceable red men of that region, who, as a tribe, have now almost disappeared. The Kennebec Indians had given up their lands to the whites, and left the new settlers in undisputed possession, but they seemed to feel that they had a right to ask the farmers for a portion of the fruits of the soil. They begged persistently.

There was one farmer in particular whose garden was noted for its excellent fruit, who received many visits from his Indian neighbors. One old Indian came and pleaded one day:

"Menomost water, no quite water; some-  
most pumpkin, no quite pumpkin; berry  
must me want him."

The farmer could not possibly make out what he meant, but called his daughter, who was quick at comprehending the English language, to interpret for him.

The young woman repeated his request very

"Why a watermelon of course, Father," said the daughter, laughing.

One day an Indian woman, who was visiting a white friend, complained to this friend of the unnecessary length of the name John, or, as she pronounced it, "John."

"Why not have short name?" she inquired of this white sister, who had a little son whom she had just named John. "Call him Eeshy-isy-eshy-oo George Wampum Shoo-nah-katoo; short name and speak him quick!"

Strange to say, the white woman did not adopt the Indian's suggestion, and her son grew up with the long and unpronounceable name of John, instead of the "easy one" that the Indian woman had suggested.

### Seeing and Observing.

"I never was so impressed with the difference between eyes and no eyes," wrote an English author lately, in a private letter, "as on a short journey I once made with Charles Dickens in France."

"We spent half an hour in a station house waiting for a train. As we left it he said, 'Did you see that miser sitting by the door? No doubt he has a bag full of gold buried in his garden at home. Every coin had left a crow's foot about his eyes. Did you notice the lovers? The unsuccessful rival was there, too. He was the bagman with the hooked nose. And the young mother with her baby?'

"I saw no baby," I said.

"No; it was dead. But the mother was with it, though she sat there alone in the crowd."

"Now, I had seen only an indistinguishable crowd of people. I read no history of greed, or love, or death, in their faces."

A story with a similar meaning is told of a picture exhibited in New York a year or two ago. A wealthy merchant with his wife stopped before it. It represented the tower of a church covered with wild ivy, crimsoned by the frost, and in its shadow an old Italian peasant crooning over a basket of fruit.

"What a picturesque effect!" exclaimed the millionaire. "Now—Or Italian?"

"The tower," said the artist, "is opposite your own chamber windows, and the fruit vendor is old Lise, who has been sitting there all summer."

The merchant, no doubt, appeared ridiculous in the eyes of the artist for his lack of artistic sight. Yet it is probable that a bundle of scraps of cloth had been placed before him, his eyes would have been keen to detect differences which the artist could not see.

Every object in the world is like a letter of the alphabet, and each man's eye, with differing insight and training, spells out with these letters differing words.

Let us not be too sure that our own word is always the highest or the best; nor obtrude our method of spelling too confidently on our neighbor.

### A Dyak Climber.

The hill Dyaks of Borneo are expert climbers. Mr. Hornaby, while collecting specimens of natural history, saw a Dyak ascend a large tapang tree, five feet in diameter at the base, straight as a ship's mast, and without the smallest limb or knot for a hundred and twenty feet up.

The man went up the tree to secure a bee's nest hanging from the under side to the lowest limb. The nest was simply a large, naked, triangular piece of white comb.

A Dyak "ladder" had been put up the previous year, and reached from the ground to the branches. It consisted of seven twenty-foot bamboo poles held almost end to end alongside the trunk by sharp pegs driven into the soft wood about two feet apart.

The pegs were driven first on one side of the poles and then on the other, and to them the bamboos were lashed by rattans, which held them firmly about eight inches from the tree. These pegs served as the rungs of the ladder.

The climber must have been a bold man, with nerves of steel. He was obliged to let the ends of the poles overlap a few feet in order to build the ladder with safety to himself.

The completion of the ladder was most difficult. Clinging to the slight bamboo pole, a hundred feet from the ground, he hauled up the last bamboo, twenty feet long, drove in the peg, lashed it to the lower end of the pole to it, and then ascended that shaking bamboo to fasten it at the top.

The Dyak honey hunter fastened to his back a basket to receive the honey. Making up his torchwood, with which to smoke the bees out of the nest and away from himself, he ignited it, slung it by a cord from his neck, so that it would hang below his feet, and started up the slender "ladder."

Hand and foot he went up, peg after peg, with a nonchalant ease which would have done credit to the most daring of sailors. Even that sailor would have been pardoned if he was a little shaky, while climbing a tall factory chimney by the lightning rod.

On reaching the lower limb, 120 feet from the ground, he took his torch in one hand, waved it to and fro, until it smoked freely, and then crawled out along the bare branch until he was in reach of the coveted nest.

Examining it first on one side and then on the other, he shouted down as cheerfully as if his climb had been nothing. "No honey!"

Leaving the comb untouched, he descended, with a smile, and reached the ground without the least tremor.

### Made the Right Answer.

A tramp having tried many expedients to procure food, and not having succeeded, hit upon a novel idea. He made believe to nibble the grass in front of a large house.

Presently a lady came out.

"Are you hungry, poor man?" she asked.

"Yes," answered the tramp, smiling.

"Well, come in house, in the back

and have a meal with me," she said. "I was in the habit of going into the grounds of the castle of Glouster, where they often had music. The lady of the house had an excellent voice, and every time she sang the donkey came to the windows and listened attentively. One day a piece of music took Neddy's fancy so completely that he made his way into the room where the lady was practicing, and began to bray with all his might, to her no small consternation."

Few people would look for intelligence in the vulgar pig, yet the following incident indicates a different state of things. Two pigs were bought by a farmer at Reading market, to which they had been brought from a distance of some miles. The animals were then removed to Caversham, two miles from Reading. Next morning they were missing, and later on news arrived that two pigs had been seen swimming across the Thames. They were then traced to Pangbourne, and finally presented themselves at their old home, after a journey of nine miles.

In Madagascar, an elephant keeper, having a cocoanut in his hand, chose, for fun, to break it against the animal's head. The following day the elephant saw some cocoanuts exposed in the street before a shop, and taking one up with his trunk, he killed his keeper with a single blow. This was literally practicing the law of retaliation.

A goat had been fed by servants at a certain door, and got upon such familiar terms that, if the time for bringing out the expected food was allowed to pass by, he butted at the door until it was opened.

A sheep and her lamb, having been taken from Edinburgh to a place in Perthshire, escaped from their new home and returned to the old one after a nine days' journey.

A cow had been sent away from her own pastures to a place twenty miles off, in the spring. As the feed was good, she remained quietly in her new home during the summer, but as winter drew on, the quality of the grass changed for the worse. The animal resented this, and, escaping from the pasture, presented herself at her old home with sundry eager and indignant lowlings.

In Germany an aged blind woman was led to church every Sunday by a gander, which dragged her along, holding her gown in his beak.

A male and female canary, having no materials for making a nest, hit on the expedient of tearing out the feathers of their first brood to prepare a bed for the second.

Captain McClure says that two ravens, who watched every movement on board his ship in the polar regions, were constantly outwitting his watch dog and stealing his food. They would entice the angry quadruped to follow them for a distance, and then, suddenly flying back, would arrive at the mess tins of the crew and snatch off the best bone before the dog could return.

**Battle with a Cave Eel.**

In "Sub-Tropical Rambles in Mauritius" the author, Mr. Nicolas Pike, thus describes an adventure with a monstrous cave eel. Seated on a projection of rock, he says, beside a small arched basin containing about six feet of water clear as crystal, he was watching the graceful movements of several lovely little chaetodons when suddenly they vanished as if by magic. As he had not stirred he was curious to learn the cause of the panic. For some moments he could discern nothing, but at length caught a glimpse of part of an eel's head, no larger than a man's thumb, protruding through the opening in the pink coral bed four or five inches in width.

Finding that the animal did not come out, and that he was evidently lying in wait for his prey, I determined to take him if possible, and so baited a good-sized hook which I suspended over his hole.

Instantly hook and bait were seized, and I saw that I had an ugly customer to deal with, a large, savage fellow. It was a codhook with a steel chain, and with a jerk I drew out the eel's head from the crevice, then called loudly to Jumina, my native assistant, who was a weak little man, to hold on tightly to the line while I jumped into the water to spear the eel. Jumina looked terrified, and plainly did not like the job; nevertheless, he held on like grim death.

I carefully lowered myself into the water and approached the hole, when suddenly the creature came at me boldly. I was a little too quick for him, however, and planted my grains in his neck about six inches from his head.

Then began a struggle. The water in the pool appeared to boil as with lime and spear we put forth all our strength to haul the eel out upon the rocks.

Foot by foot we drew him forth until fully three yards of his squirming body were extended on the reef. Still we saw no end. Ten feet, eleven feet were pulled out!

"Why," I exclaimed, "we've caught a young serpent."

At length his tail came out with a sweep around toward our legs, when we quickly ran up the rocks, dragging our game after us. Even on land we had much ado to hold him until I had severed the vertebrae in several places with my hatchet.

This specimen measured twelve feet three inches in length, and round the largest part of the head fourteen and a half inches. The head terminates in a blunt point, having two small, bright eyes not more than an inch from the end.

The large mouth is lined with long, sharp teeth; even the roof is covered with these formidable weapons. There can be little doubt that this eel would prove a dangerous antagonist to an unarmed person.

### Ought to Know.

An English gentleman who believed that his name was honorably known in connection with his learned "History of the Mongols" once had reason to reflect upon the uncertainty of fame. An exchange tells the story.

Sir Henry Howorth sat at dinner next to a lady whose mind seemed full of the disease and distresses of her pet dog, and who harangued Sir Henry with questions as to what should be done for the animal.

The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog.

He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself.

Finding that the shoebill was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and after a little hesitation he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself.

The officer, being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price and took him to York. He kept him up in York some time and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape.

A fortnight afterwards he was found with his former master pursuing his old